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CAMOSUN

DECEMBER 1923

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The CAMOSUN

VOLUME XVI. DECEMBER, *1923* NUMBER 1

Published by the Students of Victoria High School, Victoria, British Columbia

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All communications should be addressed care of Business Manager, Victoria High School. The Board will pay no attention to anonymous letters.

Advertisers are asked to leave copy at The Acme Press, 753 View Street.

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The Three Promoters

"WELL, if nothing happens by the end of today," snapped Wise, peevishly, "we'll move out by the three-thirty. This town's the fiercest mistake I've ever seen! Why, the people around this burg haven't even enough sense to be cheated; they don't know an oil gusher from a fire hose, and to talk business with any of them is like cranking a 1913 model Ford, they don't respond!"

"Well you proposed to come here, didn't you?" retorted Jones. "I proposed Greenwood, and you wouldn't listen to me."

"No, I guess I didn't! You know yourself that the last time we departed from Greenwood it was with a coating of tar and feathers and a private compartment in a barrel, each. That was a cold night, too, and if it had'nt been for that warm tar and feathers we'd probably have succumbed to the elements. Yes, I've seen enough of Greenwood to last me for some time!"

"Those people knew too much," put in Mr. Slyde. "You tried to pull off the Mississippi pearl fishing scheme on them and they knew that there weren't any pearls there. I think it pretty lucky that they didn't lynch us, if you ask me. What's more, I think the people of this burg are not so green as you think them. I have a hunch that they know what sort of business this is and are just making fun of us in their own quiet way."

"Who asked you to think?" snapped Wise, contemptuously. Then he looked at Jones: "Has that old guy, who looks like the Archbishop of Canterbury, been around any more?"

Jones nodded. "He has, and I only hope for the last time, too. He worries the life out of me when I'm alone. He wants to know everything about our leases and exact locations and everything there is to know. He comes in here and talks for half-an-hour until I'm tempted to kick him out of the door. He talks a lot about putting money into Texas oil, too, and the farthest he ever goes consists in commandeering about two dozen of our booklets each time. Yesterday he walked off with a bottle of oil that he wanted to analyse, and I made him come across with a quarter."

"You're smart all right," snarled Wise. "The old man probably has a pretty fine idea of us, thanks to you. I had hopes of taking a subscription from him before we left here, but now you've muddled that up. Where's the quarter he gave you?"

It will appear plainly from the preceding conversation that Messrs. Jones, Wise and Slyde were three dishonest tourist promoters, promoting a bogus oil concern. Such was indeed the case, and had been the case for many years. They had brought with them a most convincing display of models and photographs, advertisements and letters of great men and prospectors, and they had set up at Broonville, Tennessee, where they called themselves the "Golden Investment Co., Limited." Their window display had attracted the whole countryside to Broonville for several days, and it was small

wonder either, for it was a panorama of oil fields and oil gushers that really gushed amid a profusion of most magnificent offers in large, colored capital letters. The interior of their office was still more business-like in appearance than the exterior. Large photographs and models intermingled with the stars and stripes covered the four walls almost to obscurity, with here and there some curiously touched-up statistics which coincided with their advertisements very closely. In short, the whole thing was enough to tempt the average man and quite enough to convince a fool.

But for all that, the three promoters had made very little headway since they had struck Broonville. The people crowded to get a glimpse of their window display, it is true, but they were not so quick to invest their money. A yokel would venture inside the office very shyly occasionally and get a free booklet on their Texas oil leases, or the wealth of gold that was to be found in Siberia, and that would be the last they would hear of him until he came back for another. During their whole sojourn at Broonville they had sold one $2.00 block of oil stock and they were paying $10.00 a week for the office they occupied.

They were sitting at a table in the back of their office, all three looking anything but comfortable, and carrying on the confidential conversation before described.

"I second the moving motion," said Slyde with a certain conviction, "and I might add we'd better start packing up now. I'll volunteer to take the models and speciments if you two see to the rest of the stuff."

"That's a go," replied Jones with business-like decision; "but where shall we set up next?"

"I've decided on Knoxville," said Wise. "It's about the right size and it's a hundred and fifty miles from here."

"Sounds roughish like," put in Slyde with something akin to a whine.

Wise ignored him with a contemptuous snort. It hurt his feelings to think that the human race sprang from apes, and the sight of Slyde always convinced him that certain scientists aren't such fools after all. It's a strange thing, indeed, what men brush shoulders in business.

Just then their attention was diverted elsewhere, for the door opened and shut with a click, and who should enter but the venerable gentleman they had lately discussed under the title of the 'Archbishop of Canterbury,' carrying a cane in one hand. He was a man slightly beyond the prime of life, with silver hairs and a look of honesty and simplicity about him, which delights the average real estate shark.

"Good day," said Wise.

"Good morning," said Slyde.

"Good night," thought Jones, "here he is again!"

The old man strode up to the table and, without being asked, took a seat. "I've come," said he, "to discuss matters pertaining to oil with you."

"Oh, have you?" asked Jones maliciously.

"Does it—I mean to say, do you have, er— any investments in view?" asked Wise in his most eloquent way.

"Why, most certainly I have! I've been examining and analyzing the situation for several days, and it seems to me that oil is the future loophole of civilization; the life blood of machinery; the maker of huge fortunes; the———"

"Yes, I believe you're right," put in Wise. "It's seldom that one hears such precise autopsy from people nowadays. The general air adopted by the public seems to be one of crass ignorance. Oil is, as you say, the future loophole of civilization. I am of the opinion that some scientists hold, namely, that in one thousand two hundred and forty-three years all the coal on this earth will be exhausted. Then we will have to resort to oil and electricity, chiefly oil, I am certain. It is also the means of filling the purses of millions, and Rex Beach rightly named his great novel 'Flowing Gold.' At this moment we're offering the most prodigious offer ever offered since the world was created. We need cash so badly to develop our valuable oil leases at Ballihulish that we're offering shares at ten cents each; shares that will be worth two hundred dollars apiece when we strike oil, and of course we are certain to do so."

This speech was most eloquently delivered by Mr. Wise, with the most persuasive air he could assume. Mr. Wise was an economist with words, too, for he did not trouble to mention in his speech that Ballihulish was a bottomless swamp and that their "oil leases" were situated in the centre of this swamp. But that was always the way with Mr. Wise, and we must excuse him for his brevity. At anyrate, Mr. ———, the "Archbishop," listened spellbound.

"May I see these leases?" he asked, eagerly.

Mr. Slyde produced them as promptly as a waiter in a first-class restaurant. The old man eyed them with a look of surprise and passed them back.

"Those leases ———" he began, but he checked himself.

"I suppose that you will take advantage of this great opportunity to make a fortune," said Wise sauvely, "by making a small investment of, say, five or six hundred or even a thousand dollars. You know, I suppose, that Rockefeller started with only twenty-five bucks, and with any luck at all you should rival him in a couple of years, or even months. Who can tell? You have the look of a Rockefeller or Vanderbilt, you know."

"How much do you men need before you can commence operations on that land?" asked the old man.

"A hundred thousand dollars at least," answered Wise. "We have met with little success in raising funds so far."

"I'm glad to hear that," said the old man with a laugh, "for the simple reason that it would pain me immensely to put three such fine sharks as you in jail."

The three promoters looked at one another spellbound.

"I guess this disguise must be pretty good," continued the old man. "I'm not such a rotten chief of police after all. I suspected from the first that this was a pretty sharp business you men were running and I decided to investigate matters. Unless you pack off to Knoxville by the 3.30 train tomorrow I'll have the three of you jailed. They licked us at Rugby last year and I reckon them Knoxville people needs a good trimming." So saying, he winked at the three paralyzed men and hobbled out of the office door.

Wise was the first to regain his composure. "Well, fellows, you must admit," he said, "that the old guy only told us what I had already decided we should do."

P. SIMONDS.

Hymn of the British Empire

Empire of an imperial race,
  Let righteousness thy glory be,
Set honor high before thy face,
  And link thy lands across the sea.

Revere the blood of heroes shed,
  Who won for thee thy liberty,
Who've died to guard thy heritage,
  And bless the sons of men to be.

Thy battle flag throughout the world,
  Bears hope and light to the oppressed;
The cross of sacrifice unfurled,
  Bids tyrants bow at thy behest.

Redeem the wronged within thy state;
  Let justice bold fling off the ban:
Lead on, lead on in service great,
  Oh herald of the Son of Man.

Nor pride, nor power, nor wealth shall be,
  But honest toil God's eye can scan,
Thy patent of nobility;
  For God "became" a Working-man.

Arise! and from the human race
  Dispel the shame of error's thrall;
March on in majesty of grace,
  To thee, thrice blessed, the nations call.

A MEMBER OF THE STAFF.

The Subtle Power of Nature

Whene'er I gaze upon the tossing sea,
Or watch the creamy breakers shoreward roll,
A strange sensation seizes me,
A sense of awe doth grip my very soul.

And when the storm-king madly screams,
Bowing the tall trees till they kiss the earth,
As one by one they fall, to me it seems
As if he laughs in frenzy's fevered mirth.

Or if the day is fair, and sunshine bright,
When sweet Spring flowers exude their magic spell,
My rapture soars in billows of delight,
To tread among the blossoms in the dell.

Thus do Nature lovers see in all,
A mystic power, an element divine,
And each in turn becomes a willing thrall,
To bow his head and worship at her shrine.

R. SHANKS, Div. 5.

Seagull Island

IT was a bright, sunny morning in December when two boys walked swiftly down the long wharf at Simonstown and entered a boathouse at the extreme end. The one was a fresh, healthy and vigorous lad, tanned by the warm South African sun, and standing six feet exactly in his socks. The other, a fiery-headed Scotchman, was of almost the same height as his companion, but with a loose-jointed, lanky form, and a walk which bespoke much sojourn at sea.

On arriving at the boathouse, Sandy Macfarlane, the Scotchman, and his companion, Bob Hammond, entered a small door and dropped into the after part of a neatly-built little motor launch. It was, indeed, as cosy a boat as one could wish for. It contained a powerful engine, concealed by the curved fore-deck, and a small cockpit at the back, large enough to hold two persons. After the necessary preparations and precautions, Bob Hammond started the engine, and Sandy having thrown the doors open at the end of the boathouse, the launch glided smoothly out and chugged with gathering speed out on to the sparkling blue waters of the harbor.

Emerging from the harbor, Bob headed the launch a little to the south, toward a black speck that could be seen far out in the bay. Once away from the shelter of the land, a fresh breeze began to blow, and little whitecaps sprang up, the spray from which was dashed into the boys' faces as the launch ploughed through them. They found themselves, after an hour's travelling, within a mile of their goal—Seagull Island.

The island had a singularly lonely appearance, and the flocks of seagulls which wheeled in circles round it served only to intensify this. The steep, rocky sides rose almost perpendicularly from the frothing waves beneath, and offered little hope of a safe landing. Suddenly, however, Sandy shouted to Bob and pointed to a tiny natural harbour, formed by a large mass of rock which appeared above the waves at some little distance from the cliffs.

Bob steered in carefully and tied up, after which they clambered up the steep, but rough, side of the island. Upon gaining the top they lay down on the small patch of green, to recover their wind and enjoy the scene. But they did not stay long thus. In a few minutes they both got to their feet and began to explore.

Sandy was the first to discover it. Walking carelessly toward one end of the island, where it came to a sharp point, he suddenly leapt back and uttered a startled cry. His shout quickly brought Bob to his side and the two boys stood, regarding with amazement the cavern which opened at their feet. It was not so much, however, the abyss that startled them, as the sight which met their gaze below. On the glassy surface of the water at their feet lay a German submarine with U 15 inscribed upon its conning tower.

That the under-sea boat was undoubtedly German, coupled with the fact that England was at war with that country, served not only to increase the boys' amazement at their strange discovery, but also to arouse their anger and indignation. Even as they were studying the vessel, however, strong arms were suddenly thrown about them, and much as Bob and Sandy struggled, they were soon overpowered, and in less than a quarter of an hour both were securely trussed up in a cave below.

How long they remained there they had no means of telling, but at length, after what seemed hours, a burly sailor entered carrying a lantern and some food. After untying the boys' right hands, and sitting at a convenient distance with a loaded revolver in his own, he proceeded to tell them, with hateful satisfaction, that they had not long to live, and the manner of their death. He also said that the submarine had departed to round Cape Point to torpedo the "Edinburgh Castle" as she was leaving Capetown.

This was the most startling piece of information that the boys had received. Of their own welfare they were comparatively easy, trusting in some way to escape, but this was far more serious. The mail boat, crowded with passengers, and, most important, provisions for England, would undoubtedly be sunk unless something were done almost immediately. They knew that the "Edinburgh Castle" was not leaving until the next evening, and the sailor had told them that the submarine would wait higher up the coast at a point which the steamer would reach shortly after midnight. Therefore, Sandy and Bob, at seven the next evening, began to saw their bonds through on the sharp rocks.

At half-past nine Bob's parted with a snap, and in a few minutes both boys were free once more. They had no difficulty in overpowering the unwary German, and shortly afterwards they were at the top of the cliff. But the moment they reached the top they were almost knocked down by the force of the wind. Their hopes were turned almost to fear and only after a fierce struggle did they reach the launch. And now came the greatest task of all. To traverse fourteen miles of water, lashed into fury by a gale blowing dead into their faces, was something which even a man might shrink from, but the boys knew that on them depended the lives and safety of over a thousand people.

At half-past ten, after an hour of failure, they succeeded in getting the launch away. Then, and then only, did their real troubles begin. The tiny launch, with heavy engines in front, did not ride the enormous waves, but drove straight through them, nearly drowning the two comrades each time. The force of the wind was awful. The launch, with the engines going full speed, made alarmingly little headway, and in a quarter of an hour Bob and Sandy were almost dead with exhaustion. To cap all, it now began to rain, and the drops, spun before the gale, lashed their faces like whips.

At length, however, after what seemed an eternity, lights showed faintly ahead and a few moments later the launch ran into calmer water.

By the time they had run alongside a destroyer, Sandy had lost consciousness and Bob had to be lifted up the side.

When he could speak, he gasped out: "What time is it?"

"Quarter to twelve," replied the officer of the watch kindly.

"Quick!" said Bob faintly, "'Edinburgh Castle'—twelve o'clock —submarine going—to—torpedo ———" and fainted.

R. DIESPECKER.

L'Hiver

Quand la neige est tombee,
  Et tout le monde est blanc,
J'aime a regarder
  Les jeux des jeunes enfants.

Avec la joie ils sautent,
  De voir la Reine d'Hiver.
Elle-meme accueille ses hotes,
  Les petits amis si chers.

La plus joyeuse des saisons
  Est l'hiver avec la neige
Quand tous les petits enfants
  N'ont jamais une malaise.

RITA DAVIDSON, Div. 9.

ALL HIGH SCHOOLS have something of which they are justly proud, be it a library or an auditorium. So, in Victoria High School, our special pride is our magnificent gymnasium. And indeed we have very good reason to rank it high in our estimation, for is it not the finest on the Coast and one of the largest in Canada? At the same time, however, there is something else that we might be equally proud of, if only it existed—but alas it does not! Therefore I feel it my duty, as editor of the school magazine, to state a few plain facts concerning this same "something," which has been uppermost in the minds of the students for the past three years.

Beside the "High" there is a large tract of land which, until last year, was composed of innumerable mounds and hollows. In the summer, during school hours, this plot was, of course, vacant; but during the lunch hour the bullet heads of various small beings, commonly known as Prelims, could be seen in many of these hollows, engaged in the solemn occupation of devouring their lunches. Then came a change. For many months last year men and horses labored beside the school, levelling out the unused field. The sight of this brought much rejoicing, and happiness reigned supreme in the heart of every Rugby player, for, were they not going to have their own Rugby field now; a real "High" campus with two goals instead of one? But, alas for their surmising! The work was completed and the levelled ground left to harden in the sun and support weeds. And so it remains to the present time, with no grass, no goal posts and no white lines. The time is yet to come when our Rugby squad will battle with Oak Bay and the University School on our own campus. But the time will come, and within a short time, I feel assured, that the old "High" teams will have their home ground and not be forced to play on fields, every inch of which is known to their opponents.

* * * * * *

During the past term we have been greatly honored by the presence of two very distinguished men, to wit, Mr. Moran, principal of the well-known Moran Schools; and Brigadier-General R. P. Clark. The occasion of Mr. Moran's visit proved of great interest,

and his knowledge of schools and students, as well as his extensive travelling in Europe, made his speech both useful and entertaining. Brigadier-General R. P. Clark spoke to the school on Armistice Day, at the usual Armistice Day exercises.

* * * * * *

The news of the death of Robert Moffat, on November 3rd, came as a great shock to the members of the school. There are a number of students here, especially his former classmates, who will remember him always as a steady worker, a cheerful friend, and an all-round good sport.

* * * * * *

To the new teachers, Miss Rice, Messrs. Bourne, H. A. Kennedy, L. C. S. Kennedy, Lang, Cumberbirch and Cunningham, the student body extends a hearty welcome and trusts that they will find their positions pleasant, their students zealous and considerate, and their duties not too onerous. We should like to take this opportunity of welcoming back into our midst the Misses McLeod. During the past year they were travelling in Europe and were missed greatly. Everyone is glad to see them back again in good old "High." Welcome home!

Matric Organization

IMMEDIATELY after 3.15 on September 28th the Matrics filed into the Auditorium to elect their officers for the present year. Mr. Farr called the large and enthusiastic gathering to order and nominations for president were invited. The choice fell on George Stark, who came forward then and extended his sceptered sway over the meeting. The following officers were then elected: Vice-President, Miss Dorothy Deane; Secretary, Fletcher; Treasurer, Miss Mary Ross. After deciding to elect two representatives from each Matric class, to act as a committee, the meeting adjourned.

During the following month the organization was busy making plans for the first school social function, which was held on November 2nd. Arrangements were completed and everyone voted the entertainment a huge success.

Among matters discussed at later meetings was the solution of how to break the ice between Prelims and the rest of the school. Sports, Beta Delta and other activities were suffering from the lack of support accorded them by the new-comers, consequently a get-together meeting was held in the Auditorium, for first-year boys who welcomed the chance to get acquainted with all the opportunities the school affords.

Those who spoke on this occasion included Stark, Knox and Charlton, also Bissell, Oliver and Davidson of the first year. Very fine spirit was shown by all, many deciding to take advantage of the various invitations and make the Prelim year the force it should be in school life.

Portia Society

THE saying that "All's well that ends well" might reasonably be changed to "All's well that begins well" in regard to Portia this year. At the first meeting in the Fall session, according to the established custom, the officers for the coming year were elected. The successful candidates were as follows: President, Dorothy Dean; Vice-President, Joyce Jones; Secretary-Treasurer, Phyllis Featherstone; Matric Representative, Peggy Watson; Junior Representative, Margaret Harris; Prelim Representative, Burdette Sylvester; Camosun Reporter, Mary Ross.

The second meeting was held in the Library, on Wednesday, October 3rd. Miss A. McLeod gave an informal talk on her visit to Oberammergau, the site of the famous "Passion Play." The fact that Miss McLeod has visited there so recently, lent color and charm to her address.

The programme on October 10th consisted of four speeches on "My Hobby." The first speaker, Joyce Maynard, revealed the fact that her particular hobby was "Reading," and in a most engaging way told of its different aspects. Bertha Wootton made her subject, "Tennis," doubly interesting by passing around illustrations. Hope Leeming charmed her audience with a most delightful talk about "Dogs" and she related many touching anecdotes.

On October the 17th Mr. H. A. Kennedy spoke to Portia on the Argentine Republic and its Inhabitants. He held the interest of his audience by his description of the beautiful cities and captured the entire audience by his hints on feminine fashions.

The attraction of the next meeting was a debate, "Resolved that the future of British Columbia depends more upon Capitalizing its Scenery and Climate than Developing its Industries." Margaret and Mabel Harris upheld the affirmative; Burdette Sylvester and Katherine Boyd upheld the negative. All four speakers debated in a most able manner. The judges, Miss Eaton and Major Wilby, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

A meeting of Portia was held on November 3rd, the programme being speeches on the four prima donnae (Dame Clara Butt, Albani, Galli-Curci, and Melba) by Margaret Fletcher, Peggy Watson, Rita Davidson, Fay Forster. All the speeches were interesting and made more so by the surprise of hearing selections rendered on the gramophone by all the primae donnae except one.

Mr. C. Kennedy spoke to the next meeting of Portia on "Shelley, the Apostle of Liberty," giving his audience many new lights on the life and character of Shelley.

At the following meeting, on November 20th, the programme was a debate, "Resolved that Capital Punishment should be Abolished." Marion Lee and Helen Henderson were the speakers on the affirmative and Joyce Jones and Audrey Jost speakers on the negative. The girls all handled their subject with assurity. The debate was hotly contested and Mr. Cornett, the judge, awarded the decision to the affirmative by a small margin.

At the regular meeting of Portia, on November 28th, Miss A. Russel delighted her audience with an account of her visit to the castles of Great Britain, giving historical reminiscences of each, which added greatly to the interest of her address.

On Thursday, November 29th, the executive of the Portia were invited to a meeting of The Woman's University Club, held at the Victoria College. The President was presented with a gift of $10, which is to be spent on prizes to be given to one speaker from each of the three years. This donation is very much appreciated by the Portia Society.

Madame Sanderson very kindly consented to speak to the last meeting of Portia before Christmas, on the subject of "Versailles." Mr. Elliott kindly managed the lantern which illustrated Madame Sanderson's most interesting lecture.

We would like to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to our Honorary Presidents, Miss A. McLeod and Miss Shields, for their interest in the activities of Portia.

First Student: "Does your mother allow you to use slang?"
Second Student: "Goodnight, no. I'd get canned if I did!"

* * * * * *

Matric: Much learning; swelled head; brain fever—he's dead.
Junior: False fair one; hope fled; heart broken—he's dead.
Prelim: Milk famine; not fed; starvation—he's dead.

* * * * * *

Ambiguity

The mosquitos are so thick in South America that they sit on the trees and bark.

* * * * * *

She: "Isn't it rather difficult to eat soup with a moustache?"
He: "Yes, it is rather a strain."

THE Victoria High School this year, as in former years, is graced with many fine athletes. Great enthusiasm prevails for all games, whether they be campus events or of the good old gym. There is no reason why we shouldn't produce championship teams in every sport, be it Rugby, soccer, ice or grass hockey, basketball, cricket, baseball or gymnastics. We have excellent "coaches" to encourage us, so "Let's go, 'High,'" and make the year 1923-24 a banner year in athletics.

Rugby—Thompson Cup

The initial game in this series was played at Cranmore Road, on November 10th, between the Oak Bay and Victoria High Schools.

From the kick-off the two fifteens seemed to be evenly matched, though perhaps the Victoria High team possessed the heavier scrum.

After about twenty minutes of fast play, in which the spectacular long kicks of our back, Brooker, were a feature, Oak Bay was awarded a penalty near our twenty-five yard line. Goodacre took the kick and was successful in dropping a fine shot over the bar, thus making the first score of the game. Soon after, half-time was called and the players were afforded a breathing spell.

When the usual five minutes had elapsed, the players resumed their battle. Victoria High, undaunted by its rival's lead, fought hard. Aeket was successful in crossing our opponents' line on receiving the ball from a scrum near the corner. Brooker took the kick, but failed to convert.

The score now stood at three all. Both teams fought hard to obtain the lead, but although Jones, our captain, tried his speed, and Willis, of Oak Bay, his elusive rushes, the score stood unchanged at the finish.

The second game was played on the following Wednesday, at the same grounds. The line-ups of the rival squads were practically unchanged from those of the preceding game. This encounter was exceptionally fast. Good tackling was evidenced on both sides, the long kicks of Brooker and the fearless tackling of the players making the fair spectators on the touchline shriek with delight and enthusiasm.

Christmas Gifts

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Willis, captain of Oak Bay, was successful in making a touchdown in the first half Jones, our skipper, retaliated soon after by taking the ball over the enemy's line, amid cheers from the watchers. The game ended without further score.

At last the day for the final game with Oak Bay arrived. Promptly at three o'clock the two fifteens faced each other before a large and enthusiastic crowd.

Victoria kicked with the wind, and after numerous scrums near the Oak Bay line, Jones received a good pass from Locke. Away he went like a deer. He was tackled by the Oak Bay backs, but cleverly eluded their clutches. Amid roars from the spectators he went across the line with the ball. Brooker had hard luck in not converting.

The ball was kicked off again, and after a ding-dong battle of about twenty minutes, McMurchie secured the elusive "pig-skin" and went over, securing three more points for us.. Dawson and Horne were distinguishing themselves by their fine tackling and quick work. Five minutes later, half-time was called.

Some minutes after, the shrill note of the referee's whistle summoned the players to the fray once more. Not discouraged by our lead, Oak Bay fought hard. Miller, Goodacre and Willis were going "great guns" and it was only through the good work of our backs that many dangerous situations were relieved in the nick of time.

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Though Oak Bay tried valiantly to get across, the final whistle blew leaving us on the long end of a 6-0 score and the right to meet Vancouver in the final.

Saturday, December the first, saw us facing King Edward High, of Vancouver, in the final game for the Thompson Cup. It was an ideal day for Rugby and there was a large crowd.

Victoria kicked off and the ball was returned to our half, where the Vancouver boys pressed hard for some time. Then it was carried to the Vancouver end and Jones was only prevented from crossing their line by the hair-raising tackles of Cameron. Then the ball sailed to our end and Crone, of Vancouver, made a touch-down. The try was not converted.

At the beginning of the second half, Vancouver went down with a rush and our boys had a hard time defending their line. However, Crone got across from a tussle near the post, thus making two touches for Vancouver. The try was converted with a nice kick.

Later, Vancouver were awarded a penalty about ten yards out from our line. Crone cross-kicked and put McRae over for the third touch. The converting kick struck the post.

Victoria followed hard on the kick-off and Jones, securing the ball near centre, raced through the whole Vancouver team before being pulled down by Elliott. The game ended with the ball in centre field.

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The contest throughout was clean, fast and exciting and great credit is due to King Edward for winning the Thompson Cup, emblematic of High Schools Rugby Championship of B. C.

Soccer

This year a few association football enthusiasts have formed a team to represent High School in the city junior league. At present this team holds second place in the league, the premier berth being held by the Saanich "Thistles." Our boys have not received a great deal of support in their endeavors to bring glory to the school from the soccer field, but nevertheless they are trying hard.

Several games have been played this season apart from league games, on Saturdays. A particularly good game was the one between us and Esquimalt High. It was played on a very heavy field, and here the players' abilities to control the ball were taxed to the utmost. Wright, of the Esquimalt eleven, secured the only goal in the first half, after a fine piece of individual play.

In the second period Victoria High was constantly in its opponent's half; many dangerous situations being narrowly averted by the Esquimalt backs and net custodian. We were awarded a penalty, later, but our centre-forward was too anxious and the shot flew wide. This was our only chance to equalize, the whistle blowing for full time soon afterwards.

Games with Oak Bay and Cranleigh House schools have been played, both being fairly good games and resulting in favor of our team.

Boys' Grass Hockey

Some good grass hockey has been played this season, and under the able leadership of our coach, Mr. English, our team is rapidly getting into championship form. Games have been played with Oak Bay High and the University School. We were successful in vanquishing Oak Bay in both games, but were forced to lower our colors to the University boys. The last mentioned school possesses a fine team, which has even beaten the Victoria Club, champions of British Columbia.

Girls' Grass Hockey

Our second year of a grass hockey team, and watch 'em play! Our girls defeated Oak Bay in both the Thompson Cup elimination games, held the Ladies' Grass Hockey Team and only met their defeat on the Mainland.

The great game of the season was played in Vancouver on Saturday, December 1st. Our team, in full force, left Victoria on November 30th with every hope for a win. They put up at the Hotel Alcazar. After a restful night, the girls were conducted to the playing ground, Brockton Point, and then came the game.

The whistle blew and the teams were off, and while supporters hooted and yelled, Britannia High scored. Our girls very nearly got

BETA DELTA

ON October the 3rd the first meeting of the Beta Delta was called, for the purpose of electing officers. This meeting resulted in Knox being elected as President, Ballantyne as Vice-President, A. Smith as Secretary, D'Arcy as Treasurer, and a committee of four, namely, Fraser, Whitely, Diespecker and Yerburgh. The first meeting was fixed for the following Thursday, when Mr. Cornett agreed to give a brief history of the society. His speech was made to an unusually large assemblage and inspired most of those present to come again.

At the second meeting the subject of Indian self-government was discussed, a great deal of interesting information being brought out by both sides, and the decision was given in favor of self-government.

The second debate was between Division 1 and Division 4, on the subject, "Resolved that a Protective Tariff is in the best interests of Canada." The decision was awarded to Division 4, supporting the negative. Quite a feature of this debate was the quantity of statistics brought forward by both sides; in fact, they were calculated to bewilder anyone but a political economist.

At the next two meetings debates between Junior divisions took place, the first of these being on the subject, the much discussed question, of municipal ownership of public utilities, a very dry subject, truly, yet very ably set forth. Decision was voted against municipal ownership. The second Junior debate was on the question of vivisection, a subject of very wide range and talked about in every sphere of life. A very whole-hearted harangue was delivered by Parfitt on this occasion. After the debate, Mr. Kennedy gave a very interesting little discourse on this subject, in which he happens to be extremely interested. The verdict was rendered against vivisection.

The next week the feature of the meeting was a Prelim debate on the Theatre Tax. Very conflicting arguments were brought up, coupled with the inevitable statistics. Examples were shown how many theatres in Victoria had been put out of business by this same tax. Decision was rendered in favor of reducing the tax.

The last debate of the season was on the subject, "Resolved that the Improvement Tax should be Abolished." This debate was one of the finest we have had this year, Streeter and Willis both presenting fine arguments. The decision was awarded in favor of the affirmative.

The personnel of the debates was as follows:

1. Affirmative, Diespecker and Ballantyne; negative, Yerburgh and A. Smith; judges, Messrs. Kennedy and Farr—in favor of affirmative.

2. Affirmative, Fletcher and Wheeler; negative, Stark and R. Wallace; judges, Messrs. Kennedy and Kennedy—in favor of negative.

3. Affirmative, D'Arcy and Baisler; negative, MacAllister and W. Skillings; judges, Mr. Dilworth and Major Wilby—in favor of negative.

4. Affirmative, Macmurchie and Walker; negative, Howard and Parfitt; judges, Messrs. Kennedy, Haverstock and Cornett—in favor of negative.

5. Affirmative, D'Arcy and R. Yerburgh; negative, Morris and Kennedy; judges, Messrs. Armstrong and Kennedy—in favor of negative.

6. Affirmative, Whiteworth and Streeter; negative, Willis and Parfitt; judges, Misses Eaton and Shields—in favor of affirmative.

Social News

IF my gossip, "Report," be an honest woman of her word, the Victoria High School has been the scene of two delightful evenings during the past term. In October the teachers held a reception for the pupils' parents. After an enjoyable tete-a-tete, which lasted for some time and in which all participated, refreshments were served in the Boys' Lunch Room. This being over, the guests departed, well pleased with the teachers' reports.

The other entertainment consisted of the annual Hallowe'en Dance given for the pupils. Long strings of small flags and the large service flag were the decoration for the Gymnasium. The music was supplied by Kinloch's orchestra, which nobly lived up to its reputation. The floor was at its best and the dancers' feet and hearts being light and merry, everything went with extraordinary gaiety. After refreshments had been served, the young folk returned to the dance floor. The end came all too soon and everyone departed for home, tired and happy.

A dance was given at the home of Miss Doris Patrick, from eight to twelve o'clock. Divisions eleven and twelve arrived at the appointed hour and were not disappointed as to having a good time; how could they be with Mr. and Mrs. Haverstock as guests of honor?

Mrs. Ormond's home was also the scene of a dance given by Division eight, with the pupils of Division eleven as guests. The music was provided by a gramophone, and Miss Joan Witty at the piano.

Gladys U: "He put his arm around me five times."
Alverta: "My word, what an arm!" —"The Ikozian."

a goal when the inside right passed to the right wing, but the opposing backs were too strong and the score was still nothing for our team. In the second half the home team pressed hard for another goal, but due to the efforts of our very capable centre-half and two half-backs they were unable to do so till near the end, when the score stood 3-0 and the silver remained in Vancouver.

Our girls must be congratulated for their excellent good sportsmanship, which is the breed of Victoria High School. When the whistle blew finally, Victoria High team rallied together and gave the old war-cry, "Booma-lacka," substituting "Britannia High" for "'Victoria High.'

The team was royally entertained in Vancouver at a feast given by the home team and an evening at the Capitol Theatre. Although the trip did not bring the best results, it was enjoyed by all concerned.

Girls, you lost, not ingloriously, and Victoria High still line-up: Gwennie Noel, Gladys Marchant, Margaret Harris, Marjorie Campbell, Iola Worthington, Ruby Cobbet, Mabel Harris (captain), Peggy Watson, Dorothy Basset, Mary Cassidy, Minnie Briggs, Hilda Styan.

Girls' Basketball

Although no games have as yet been played, there are inklings of fine play in the coming season. V. H. S. has two teams entered in the City League this year and we are wondering which team will win when the two clash on December 14th. Both teams are in fine condition and we hope, between the two, that some silver will be brought home.

The girls are very lucky in obtaining Mr. Robert Whyte again as coach. Last year he turned out two teams of which the school was proud and we are confident that there will be no change in that respect this year.

"Play up, play up and play the game," girls, the school's with you!

Senior Team—Iola Worthington, Betty Harris, Ellen Dodds, Mabel Harris, Eleanor Dinsdale, Hilda Styan, Peggy Watson, Dorothea Lee, Audrey Jost (captain).

Junior Team—Kathleen Forbes, Minnie Briggs, Daisy King, Isobel Wilson, Kathleen Wootton, Annie Weinburg, Jessie Edwards, Rose Pindar, Beatrice McLeod, Mabel Harris (captain).

Witty Prelim (at Rugby game): "Why is that a foul? I didn't see any feathers."

Junior (on the spur of the moment): "Course not, sonny; this is a picked team!"

* * * * * *

She: "How kind of you to bring me these flowers. I think there's some dew on them yet."

He: "Yes; there's a l-l-little, but—I'll pay that tomorrow."

—"The Trident."

V. H. S. RUGBY SQUAD

Top Row—Knox, Simmonds, Parfitt, H. L. Smith (coach), McEwan, Aeket, Dawson, Peden. Second Row—Snider, Charlton, Diespecker, Jones (captain), Locke, Brooker. Front Row—McConnell, Skillings, Smith, McMurchie, Calderwood, Horne.

EXCHANGE.

"The Collegiate Hermes," Saskatoon, Sask., is one of our best exchanges and contains some very good articles. Your plan for a War Memorial seems very feasible and ought to be a complete success.

* * * * * *

"McMaster University Monthly," Toronto, has a very good report on the "Elgin House Conference" at Lake Joseph. Your reading matter is excellent and any school or college may well seek to keep up to your standard.

* * * * * *

"The Clarion," Rochester, New York. Your paper is very much above the average and is a credit to your school in every respect. Your sports editor deserves congratulations on his excellent work.

* * * * * *

"The Trinity University Review" is another university magazine from Toronto. Your article on David Lloyd George is very interesting just at present and in a few days we shall see if the theory your writer holds is correct. Your Exchange Department is one of the best we have seen.

* * * * * *

The "Camosun" also begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: "The X-Ray," "Acta Victoriana," "The Hutch-in-sun," "The Ikozian," "The Westport Crier," "The Midget," and "The Trident."

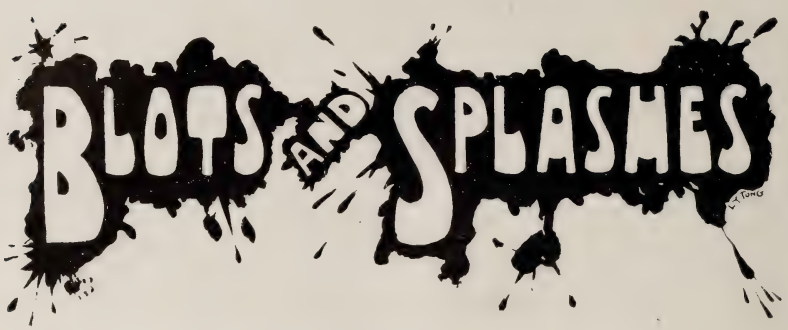
* * * * * *

Demonstrator: "In the experiment I am about to perform, if any mistake should be made, I should probably be blown to atoms. Kindly draw nearer that you may follow me more closely."

—"Acta Victoriana."

He: "May I have this dance with you?"
She: "No. I'm particular about whom I dance with."
He: "Well, I'm not, or I wouldn't have asked you."

—"The Clarion."



How True!

A school paper is a wonderful invention,
For the school gets all the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

* * * * * *

Oh, Sugar Pine!

Dear Hazel:

I pine fir yew. Alder day and night I long to cedar apple of my dreams, which is yew. I wish my boss wood give me a long leaf so I could graft you in my palms again. He butternut refuse me or I will lilac Saxifragrance to see yew.

I aint poplar here. I met Cherry at the beech yesterday and she said if I didn't leaf her, Redwood lick me, and if Redwoodn't, then her dog-wood. She said, "You prune, if you don't quadrifolia, I'll sycamore dogs on yew."

Oh, Hazel! I'm nutty over yew. I wood scrub oak and spruce up fir yew forever. When your elders say yes to me, won't it be grand fir us?

Oh my Hazel, I adoor yew!

From your lonesome Weeping Willie.

—Millmen's Guide.

* * * * * *

The Kinds He Knew

One of the questions in an examination on the subject of stock-raising was: "Name four different kinds of sheep."

An aspiring youth gave this for the answer: "Black sheep, white sheep, Mary's little lamb, and the hydraulic ram."

* * * * * *

Teacher (in Chemistry class): "What is As_2O_3?"

Student: "I-er-dash it! I have it on the tip of my tongue."

Teacher (in intense excitement and turning heliotrope): "Spit it out, then; spit it out for goodness sake, it's Arsenic!" —Ex.

MATRIC A

"We are thirty-seven."

With the kind permission of George Alexander Knox, we are able to publish the following little ballad:

"Oh Vergil, oh Vergil! I can't translate thee, Vergil!
You tell a little tale, of course,
About the great, big wooden horse.
Oh Vergil, oh Vergil! I can't translate thee, Vergil!
To me you're Greek—you make me shriek!
Oh, goodness gracious, Vergil!"
(To be sung to the tune of "Oh! Harold")

* * * * * *

The following notice was observed in school the other day: "Lost—A fountain pen, by a young lady half-filled with ink."

* * * * *

Mr. C——: "What goes round a button (a buttin')?"

No response, after deep thinking on the part of witty individuals of Division 1.

Mr. C——. "A goat!"

* * * * *

Supervisor: "That's the third time you've looked at Smith's paper."
Candidate: "Yes, he doesn't write very plainly."

* * * * *

Division 1 claims to have a "Mutt" and "Jeff" in the class, namely, Knox and Horne.

* * * * *

Discovery! New name for bacon is "grunt-meat."

Teacher: "Correct this sentence—'Our teacher am in sight.'"
Stonier: "Our teacher am a sight."

Miss ———: "I get my complexion from my mother's people."
Horne: "Oh, I didn't know they owned a drug store!"

Mr. C——— forbids any pupil to snore in class; it is so disturbing to the other students' rest.

MATRIC B

It has been rumoured that various mysterious and terrible sounds have issued at times from Room I. However, we are not in the least surprised, considering that Division 2, which registers in the said room, possesses, among other curiosities, a maths genius, two Rugby stars, a budding chemistry professor and several future French interpreters.

Charlton is sometimes a veritable blessing in disguise, for during certain critical moments in Room 23 he inevitably finds something to laugh at, and it always relieves the tension. Is there anyone who has heard "Chili" laugh and who can refrain from doing likewise? Nay, verily! not even the teachers!

Wanted to know—

1. If Clarke is in a subconscious state during school hours, or if he is just asleep.

2. If Fox will live to be a radio broadcaster or a mathematics teacher.

They say that sisterly love is exceptionally strong sometimes. One case in our class certainly goes to prove this. Indeed, Miss Ross evidently feels so lonely without Miss Leeming that she has wrenched her seat from the floor in order to sit next her colleague. Circumstantial evidence may be found in Room 1 (back row).

Who was it that asked if the French for chicken was feminine? Ash "Dies," he knows!

We may be awful dunces at Chemistry, but then when you go back on the scale of a thousand years to the inch, Adam didn't live so long ago, and, if we do say it ourselves, we could beat him all hollow at chemical equations.

To all those who deem it unwise to overwork themselves as regards home studies, Shakespeare offers consolation: "They are as such that surfeit with too much as they that starve with too little." At anyrate, "them's our sentiments."

In closing, the members of Division 2 would like to wish Mr. Smith, the Staff and their fellow-pupils a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

MATRIC C

Our Motto: "We aint got much money, but we're gonna see life!"
Our Aim: "To evade homework and 3.15 'tea parties.'"

Division 3 wishes to take this opportunity of welcoming to our midst Miss Alicia Jackson. Nope! Doesn't sound right. "Hello there, Jackie, old sport, glad to see you. You sure are making a hit with us. We don't have to hope you'll have a good time, 'cause we

see that you are. If there's any more little prairie chickens like you at home, lead us to 'em!"

Tragedy of a broken seat:

Crash! Bang!
Room 18 rang!
Startled snore!
Blagburn sleeping on floor!

Extract from 1921 "Camosun" concerning a member of Matric E: "If hot air were music, I'd be a brass band." Say, Jones, we didn't know you were in Matric E three years ago!

Christmas presents we would greatly appreciate:

For Matthews—A vanity set and an elastic band to confine his wandering pompadour.

For Jones—A silencer for the stage whisper which is always getting him into trouble in a certain room on the third floor.

For Miss Kate—A little bird that knows all the general enunciations of Geometry.

For Miss Pinder—A genuine sheik, with slick black hair, generally resembling a certain member of the Vancouver Rugby team.

For Misses Verrinder and Pousford—Limitless amounts of homework.

For Miss Hulke—A barrier strong enough to keep back the raging hordes of Prelims at 12.49.

For Miss Fetherston (with all apologies to nervous ladies and gentlemen)—A few accidents, or scandals to write an Easter Camosun report about.

For Blagburn—A comfortable, portable bed.

Division 3 now wishes to extend Christmas greetings to the Staff and School.

MATRIC D

Our Motto:

You ask us what our motto is,
It may sound rather tame;
But pray, do not its meaning miss,
You see, it's "Play the Game."

As a Division we are very proud to number among us George Stark, President of the Matric Organization and head prefect Already he has gained the respect and admiration of both students and teachers by his businesslike administration of High School affairs and a very creditable showing in the Beta Delta.

Neale: "I wonder where all the bugs go in the winter?"
Kissinger (absently): "Search me!"

Prelim: "My, but it must be nice to know everything!"
Montaldi: "It is!"

Miss Tripp:

"E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

Heritage: "A little child, a limber elf."
Coulter: "Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing."

MATRIC E

He still doth wear a carefree air,
But mighty seems his task to me,
For Godfrey is the president
Of Matriculation E.

Heard in the Chemistry Lab:
Mr. C—— (to Mercer): "What is H_2O_4?"
Mercer (emerging from sweet reveries): "Uh! oh, for drinking!"

Teacher: "Why are the days shorter in Winter than in Summer?"
Shanks: "The temperature in Winter is lower than in Summer, therefore, everything contracts."

Mr. Steward: "Is that you making a noise down there?"
Rickinson: "Yes, sir, I just dropped a perpendicular on the floor."

Ain't we got fun! Listen, our class president, Jones, is so fast that he is always three jumps ahead of his shadow—going North.

Captain Boyd: "Run up those blinds, Griffiths."
Although Griffiths is quite a gymnast, we are awaiting the time when he will perform this feat.

A problem in Algebra ended with "how old was John?" Robertson worked away for a few minutes and came to the conclusion that $x = -4$, then he exclaimed: "John will be born in four years' time." This shows what an important subject mathematics is becoming.

Sims: "I was caught imitating one of the teachers the other day."
McKie: "What did he say to you?"
Sims: "He merely told me to stop making a fool of myself."

Tayler, like Caesar of old, was ambitious. Their ambitions differ slightly, however, in that Tayler aspires to the position of that individual who calls out the stations on an ocean liner.

Dickinson (haranguing an awe-struck group): "Slang is not the product of the degenerate modern speech, but it is the old court language of Shakespearean times, for what did Sir Walt say to Queen Elizabeth when he cast down his cloak?"

Downard (mystified): "I'll bite. What did he say?"

Dickinson: "Step on it!"

D'jahever know Bill Shakespeare was a Rugby fan? No? Well, listen to what he says in:

The Tempest—"An excellent pass."

Hamlet—"A touch, a touch."

Antony and Cleopatra—"'Tis sport to maul a runner."

Othello—"Let him not pass, but kill him rather."

Henry IV.—"More rushes, more rushes."

DIVISION 6

Manufacturer's letter to delinquent customer: "Will you send the full amount of your bill, and oblige, etc."

Delinquents letter: "The amount is $8.62½. Yours sincerely."

Gordon: "Have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a dime?"

Howard: "Oh, yes, I have the confidence, but the trouble is I haven't the dime."

Mr. K———: "How stupid you are, can't you multiply 85 by 25? I am sure that Gordon can do it in less than a minute.

Howard: "I wouldn't be surprised; they say that fools multiply very rapidly these days."

"How would you like to be buried in Ross Bay Cemetery?"

"Faith, I'd rather die first!"

Student (reading Virgil): "'Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck and'; that is as far as I got, sir."

Teacher: "Well, I think that was quite far enough."

Mr. K———: "Howard, did you put that screw on the floor?"

Howard: "N-No, sir, it fell off the desk."

Mr. K———: "Are you quite sure it didn't fall out of your head?"

The other day Miss Williams temporarily blinded the class when she entered the room with a giant diamond on her finger. Straight from the Kimberly mines, via Woolworth's.

DIVISION 7

To the east and to the west,
Our division is the best;
'Tis no use to try and be
Any cleverer than we.
Our class is division seven,
And when we die we're going to heaven;
There's been no other from the school,
So we're an exception to the rule.

The first practice of the chorus was a howling success.

The class motto for collecting subscriptions was, "Pay up, pay up, and see the game."

Our class far exceeds any other class for Camosun subscriptions, our total being 108%. We also do our class work excellently. If you do not agree, any complaints regarding this should be sent to Room 23, on the second floor.

DIVISION 8

Division 8 consists purely of members of the fairer sex and, according to our Mathematics teacher, the boys have us "all beat" when it comes to Algebra, but, take heart, girls, it is not always thus. For instance, there appeared in the Daily Times of November 13th the following headlines, on the same page:

"Bandits kill man in Los Angeles"; and
"Lady beats off thieves and keeps money."

Our remarks have strange effects on our teachers. At a very brilliant remark of one of our members, the Chemistry teacher was seen to stare wildly and repeat at random, with fierce emphasis, "Chalk! chalk! chalk!"

Overheard in Class:
One member of Division 8: "Experience teaches fools, you know."
Another: "That's why it never taught me anything."

DIVISION 9

To McMicking the cap and bells of 9,
All unanimously assign.
A pet, a useful one has Gropp;
Its name is "comb"—used for his mop.
Smiling, laughing, no one gayer;
Dimpling, twinkling, Gladys Sayer.
MacDonald and Miss Cronk once Romans must have been;
Such genius in Latin (in 9) we've never seen.

We wonder—

When Miss Armstrong's tongue is going to suffer a nervous breakdown from too strenuous work.

When MacLean intends to live up to his resolution and keep his eyes off the fair sex.

When Smith will find it possible to steer his feet so that they will meet with accidents less frequently, especially in Room 15.

But we do not wonder that Miss Ellis smiles her perpetual smile when it so bewitches the teachers.

DIVISION 10

He (helping her to find book in library): "Have you read 'Freckles'?"

Miss Freeman: "No, just plain brown ones."

Teacher: "Mallek, how many ribs have you?"
Howard: "I don't know, I'm so ticklish I can't count them."

Miss Vye was always asking her mother questions. At last, in despair, her mother said: "Amy, if you ask me another question I shall have to chastise you."
Amy: "Why?"

Mother: "Ona, is Miss H—— satisfied with you?"
Ona: "Yes, Mama."
Mother: "Did she say so?"
Ona: "She said if everybody was like me she would close the school. That shows I know enough."

Say it with Flours—
He: "What is your favorite flower?"
Mary Allison: "Self-raising for bread; plain for pastry."

Division 10 has—

SHOWN
SOME
SCHOOL
SPIRIT

by contributing seventy-two books to the library. Is that a record? We rather think so.

Three members of this division, namely Hilda Styan, Margaret and Mabel Harris, have been selected for the V.H.S. Hockey Team.

At the recent potato fair the following girls of this division were awarded prizes for their excellent judging: Margaret Hamilton, Eleanor Jesse, Doris Newcombe and Phyllis Binns.

Mr. C——— one day told us that he had been engaged to a taxidermist who stuffed birds, for five years.
Miss Hurst (attempting to be humorous): "Please, sir, what are birds stuffed with?"
Mr. C——— (rising to the occasion with a vision of his Xmas turkey before his eyes): "With breadcrumbs and parsley, of course."

DIVISION 11

Ford (murmuring in his sleep during French): "Marjory, Marjory, why has't thou forsaken me?"
Never mind, Ford, we don't know who Marjory is, and if we did we would keep it dark.

Mr. ——— (in Room —): "McGill, what do we mean by 'locus'?"
McGill: "P-p-please, s-s-sir, a locus is a species of a grasshopper, moving in accordance with some given law."

Miss ——— (in French class): "Basso, what preposition does the verb 'passer' take after it?"

Basso (meditatively): "Ah-h-h-h."

Miss ———: "That's right, Basso, asseyez-vous."

Davies: "What did you do in the lab today?"

Skillings: "We were experimenting with hydrochloric acid."

Davies: "What results did you get?"

Skillings: "Two holes in my pants and a bad headache."

What would happen to Division 11 if—

1. Davies invested in a pen nib?
2. Patterson came to school early?
3. H. Robertson wore that awful sweater again?

DIVISION 12

King Saves Taylor and Spouse

In the days of Adam there lived a Guy called Patrick, the Taylor, with his Spouse, Mable Anderson. They were Nott very rich and Patrick, being a great Walker, went each day with Mable to the forest to Girdwood. One day they saw two Brown Lyons approaching to Hoyt them. Patrick paled Whitely, but his Spouse laughed Hartley as they Forster up a tree. Just then, however, they saw King Edwards and his Grim(i)son Albert Cumming(s) down the Lane. At their approach the Lyons fled hastily, and Patrick thanked the King with deep gratitude Innis heart.

Miss Mable (translating): "Qui avez-vous mange pour votre diner?"

Who is the person she accuses of such cannibalism?

Complaining Student: "Why do you sit on every joke I hand in?"

Editor: "If they had a point I wouldn't."

DIVISION 13

Helen Gallie is her name,
Room 10 it is her station;
To learn Latin is her chief aim—
A rotten occupation!

Teacher of Composition: "How do you fold a personal letter?"

Student: "Please, teacher, with your hands."

Fox (commencing his first debate, which he had memorized): "I have no hesitation whatever in approaching my subject - - - - I - have no hesitation - whatever in approaching my subject - - - I - have - no hesitation - whatever - in approaching - my - subject. (Takes his seat.)

It was noticed that, after winning the debate at Portia the other day, Miss Lee carried her hat home. Maybe she couldn't get it on.

O who can tell one what it is,
The noise, which sounds so out-of-tune,
And trills like a mosquito's buzz,
In slowly passing o'er the room.
Is it the echo of the words
That Shakespeare wrote so long ago,
Of lusty Romans drawing blood,
Or Harris snoring, soft and low?

Division 13 is a mixed-up crowd—
Some tall, some short, some amiable, some proud,
Some fair, some dark, some betwixt and between,
Some dull, and yet some clever seem.
Some have blue eyes, some have brown,
Some wear smiles, while others do frown,
Some are interesting, some are droll,
Some write decently, but others scrawl.

Wanted—A trained nurse to look after E. Harris during the sessions in Room 17.

"It's coming, it's coming!"
"Oh, what's coming, I say?"
"Why, the thing that is coming
Is to be here today."
"Wonders on wonders! It
Is here now!" "What is here?"
"The Camosun!" "Camosun?"
"Yes, is that not very clear?"

Algebra Teacher (after a long-winded proof): "And now we get x=zero."

Sleepy Voice (from rear of room): "Gee! all that work for nothing!"

Modern Shakespearean characters—
"For he will never follow anything that other men begin." Clarke.
"What a blunt fellow is this grown to be." Bailey.
"Would he were fatter, but I fear him not." Jeffrey.
"I am no orator as Fox is. I only speak right on and tell you that which you yourselves do know." Streeter.
"He thinks too much." Robins.
"He revels long o' nights." Buttler.
"This is a slight, unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands." Greenwood.

Mr. A——— (in geometry): "Miss Hardiman, are you learning your geometry or doing something else?"

"Miss Hardiman: "Neither, sir. I'm listening to you."

Harris (on seeing Fox trying to pull Jeffrey out of his seat): "Hence! would'st thou lift up Olympus?"

DIVISION 14

Christmas is near and the class is progressing like clockwork under the able guidance of its instructors, both at High School and in the workshops.

Some very good work is being assembled by the boys of the class, which is very interesting as well as highly instructive. Although the class turns out at 8.30 o'clock in the morning and remains until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, none are so fickle and foolish as to change their course, being well content with "Tech." "Carry on," Div. 14.

Carey, our wild Irish rose, persistently holds to his old peculiarity of coming into the room a few minutes behind time, with a monstrous grin spread over his visage. A sure sign of knowing that you are late is to see Carey in his seat.

Shadbolt—our pet magpie, with a voice like a bull-frog.

McElhoes has a favorite expression which always makes Division 14 laugh.

Censor: "Unfit to print."

Capt. Boyd (reading from a composition book): "Carey, what figure of speech is this?"

Carey (overconfident): "Please, sir, a semaphor."

Dave Ogilvy gives promise of being another Carnegie. It appeared that Division 14 would be unable to get 100% subscription for the Camosun. However, Dave took the matter in hand and soon the amount required was oversubscribed.

Charlie Walker won't have the blind pulled down to keep out the sun. Charlie likes to sit in the sun, his head on his hand, and his signet ring sparkling as if it were gold.

DIVISION 15

Phyllis Butler—"She always keeps the golden rule,
And learns her lessons well in school."

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Stella Butterworth—"A maid of our century, yet most meek."

Pearl Davidson—"A pearl of great price, beloved by her classmates."

Ida Heyer—"Oh what is mirth but turbulence unholy."

Jack Richmond—"Who mixeth reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

Kenneth Shapland—"All the earth and air with his voice is loud."

DIVISION 16

Will some kind person please donate a prop to relieve Miss Rogers of the necessity of posing on the desk.

Miss Bruce is renowned for her wonderfully curled hair. It is a sure indicator whether she has been night marauding or studying hard.

We have a few old recruits in our class from last year. They have a wonderful time, full of ease and enjoyment, while the newcomers are diligently studying; but they usually lament their fate when a teacher reprimands them for knowing too much.

DIVISION 18

Edna Barton—A quiet girl; we can't blame her, though, because she occupies the front seat.

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Dorothea Lea—

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Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Nancy McRe—Our laughing, dark-eyed beauty. Beware of her smile, boys!

Margaret Ross—You don't have to ask her to speak louder at the Rugby games.

"The tumult and the shouting dies"
When teacher comes into the room,
And when the teacher departs again,
The tumult starteth soon.

DIVISION 19

The sum of $23.05 was realized by Division 19 at a sale of work held in Classroom 15, in aid of the new Girls' Rest Room.

The members of Division 19 wish to express their sincere regret at the departure of Miss Kathleen Boyd, and hope that she will enjoy the greatest success in her new environment.

DIVISION 20

Our Professionals

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Jackson—Contortionist; performances daily.

Arithmetic Teacher: "As my voice rises, so does the noise of the class."

Bamford (sotto voce): "Hot air rises."

DIVISION 21

Miss Margaret Wilson is the "vamp" of the class,
But in her home-work she just makes a pass.
In Mr. Cook's room she's in the front chair,
So as not to waste her sweetness on the air.
Miss Grace Macrimmon is a Camosun "rep";
She's one of those girls that has lots of pep.
Miss Elsie Wellsmith is this class's jester,
In Mr. Cook's room she's quiet just to rest'er.

"What is space?" the professor inquired. The clever student replied, "I cannot think of it right now, sir, but I have it in my head."

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DIVISION 22

L. Kennedy—Captain of the football team. Take off your hats, please!

C. Kennedy—No relation to the above so you need not take off your hats.

Mallek—If he has got his books at school he always leaves them in his locker.

Dougan—Physics his "forte"; arithmetic his "bete noire".

Wheeler—Named after his bike—"wheel'er!"

DIVISION 24

Fraser has decided to grow a crop of hair on the back of his neck since he was hit there in the arithmetic room.

1844

It is an "Ancient Mariner",
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

1924

It is well known to all of us,
But alas! what does it mean?
Spoken by all kind friends of us—
"Come back at three-fifteen."

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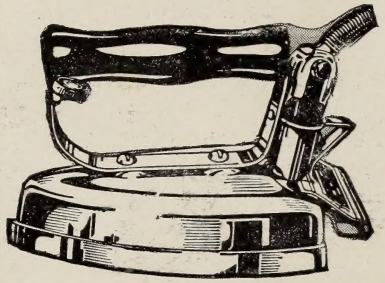

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